

DEACON VISITS TOPEKA.

A Political Circus in Kansas Keeps the Balance of the World Querried.

Mrs. Lease, the Female Who Was Urged for United States Senator.

A Man Bounced Because He Ate Pie With a Fork at a Well-Known Hostelry.

Those who have not visited the Kansas double-barreled legislature have not seen a political circus.

They have the only one that ever existed, and if Barnum were in his prime he would be making terms with that dual body for a series of exhibitions all under one canvass and for one price of admission.

Your own deacon has been there and took it in.



DEACON SIMEON DINWIDDIE.

Deacon Charlie Goodlander, of Ft. Scott, whom I helped to marry when he was old enough to eat hay, was present at Topeka when I arrived.

If Charlie lived in Missouri he would be a colonel.

Deacon Goodlander had negotiated a room for me at the Troop House, where Deacon John E. Moats presides behind the counter with much dignity—and more appetite.

There are three parties in the legislative body of Kansas.

The democrats are so few they are not of much account, but they are watching for all jack pots and will be "in" before the division comes.

temptation. This does not mean a populist for they make their wives get up in the morning and build the fires.

Who should make the fires? That question is never discussed by the populists.

I get this latter idea from Deacon Goodlander.

Mrs. Lease is at Topeka.

She talks politics and pulls the leg of the populists to the Queen's taste. She wears stylish clothes all but her bonnet and it looks like a pumpkin pie that had been squeezed before it was baked and then was kept in the oven too long.

Her veil just covers her mouth. Black silk dress adorned by lots of beads and other nice trimmings.

No. 5 shoe on a No. 7 foot.

When she talks she emphasizes her words with her hands and index finger of her right hand which is unusually long.

She laughs looking toward the sky and with her chignon resting on her back.

Sharp visaged. Prominent nose.

Ears set out and not as large as a pair of boxing-gloves.

Under jaw asserts itself.

When the long haired populist shakes hands with her, he takes hold as if he was grabbing a plow handle.

Smart woman and the best advertised female since Kate Bender or Dolly Varden.

Mrs. Lease was born in this month. This is early in the season and she is going to keep ahead.

She's 34 in some things and 150 in others.

Has three children and they all resemble their father.

The ole man Lease is blind and bald-headed which is a good thing for him.

All bald-headed men are good but some are better—look at your own Deacon.

Mr. Lease's eyes went out before Mrs. Lease lost her beauty, for she is pretty yet and will be until the crack of doom.

The populists of Kansas have but few brains and are restless. They remind me of a dog I once paid tax on—he had only one flea but was always very uneasy.

Mrs. Lease is upright and austere. She is as upright as a taller candle and as austere as horse-radish.

It requires the greatest skill to hide weaknesses. Mrs. Lease has an unusual amount of skill or no weaknesses.

Which?

She is skillful and practical. She wants the government to loan the farmers money at two per cent and then she'll get another silk dress.

Men mourn for what they lose. Most of women mourn for what they can't get. Mrs. Lease is not a woman in this particular.

Mrs. Lease wants the populist legislature to pass a law that no man shall

TO THE GROUND HOG.

AN APOSTROPHE.

A sailor would sooner his wife on a bier, Than a Candlemas morn that was cloudless and clear.

—Old Dutch.

Well hath the poet sang sweet strains Of almost all things animate, But in these few and quaint refrains The Ground-hog is my candidate.

Oh! rodent meek! though oft abused And made the butt of ridicule, A new born faith hath been infused In those of tender cuticle.

When breaks the morn of Candlemas, And monks and nuns pray fervently, And erra's sing and candles pass, Dost thou appear most ardently.

Oh! Arcotomys Americus! Well hast thou slept most drowsily, Whilst mortals, with their boasts and fuss, Were never housed more cosily.

Within the breast of Mother Earth, Thou knowest not severity Of Winter's chill, which killeth mirth, And almost Christian charity.

Oh! marmot of old Maryland! Oh! woodchuck of Connecticut! Thou has a home in prairie land, As well as sea-bound Sanguatuck.

If every genus of murine, Had half of thy sagacity, Their slaughter would be less, I ween, And free from man's rapacity.

On Candlemas thou comest forth, To view the weather cautiously, From west and east and south and north, Thou gazest most suspiciously.

The farmer watches for thy shade, The sailor marks it ruefully, For well they know that if it's made, That storms will rage most woefully.

So, Ground-Hog, do not come, I pray, Till skies with clouds are over-cast, That on thy coming thou canst say, The Winter's rigors all are past.

—Joe W. Scribn.

THE GROUND HOG.

The Opinions of Prominent Citizens of Sedalia and the State Regarding Him.

A Strange Peculiar "Crittter."

In order to learn as much as possible regarding the ground hog, and the various traditions attached to him, a representative of the BAZOO was assigned to propound the query—"What do you know about the ground hog?" to every one who would be likely to be able to furnish any information regarding his habits and associations.

Some of the replies to the question are noted below, and as the various opinions are interesting on account of the variety of the eccentricities attributed to the animal, we feel confident the public generally will be pleased to learn what some of our prominent personages have to say upon the subject.

The first person to whom the question "What do you know about the ground hog?" was propounded, happened to be his honor, Mayor Stevens, who was accosted in the criminal court room, on the morning of the day of the first session of the convention of the Missouri State Dairy association. He answered promptly, and said: "I am a native of Missouri, and was born and raised upon a farm in this state. That is why I believe in Sedalia, and that is also one of the reasons why I am making such a strong fight for a state appropriation in aid of the State fair. Ever since childhood, I have been a believer and a close student of the erratic ground hog, and while I have never seen him actually come forth from his hole to take weather observations, and to give the clerk of the weather pointers as to the probabilities for the next twenty-four hours, still, I believe that by nature, he is endowed with a natural instinct, which teaches him the weather probabilities for the following six weeks.

On one occasion, when I was a boy, I arose about 4 o'clock one very frosty morning of February 2, in order to watch the antics of the festive ground-hog when he should make his appearance.

Tradition has it, you know, that he makes his appearance on that date, and if the day should be bright and sunny, thereby causing him to perceive his own shadow, that he will skip back into his hole, and there remain for the following six weeks. During this period rough and unpleasant weather will follow, and sailors are warned by this action of the ground-hog, that sea voyages will be tempestuous and beset with many dangers.

On one morning of ground-hog day all of us gallant mariners who plowed the raging Mississippi and the treacherous Missouri, had watched in vain to perceive the greasy ground-hog frisking along the banks of either of the streams, but as the day was clear and cloudless, no groundhog appeared, and a great gloom was cast over the assembled mariners, for the prediction was manifest, that rough seas and turbulent waters would succeed that day, and this was afterwards verified, when the gallant flat-boat "Henry Clay" struck a snag amidst the stream, and all hands aboard, consisting of two niggers and a bull pup were swallowed up by the angry waters.

Yes, sir, the ground hog is a better weather prophet than Prof. Tice."

The next person to whom the question was propounded, was the Hon. J. L. Erwin of Fulton, who was elected to the office of president of the Missouri State Dairy association, was also chairman of the State Road convention, and was chosen as the permanent president of the Missouri Road Improvement Association. It was believed that this gentleman, from his extensive knowledge of farming, dairy, country roads and other subjects of a like nature, would be also possessed of a larger fund of knowledge and experience of the ground hog; but his reply somewhat dazed and staggered the

CITY DRUG STORE.

Having purchased of W. P. Morrison the stock of

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Etc., Etc.,

At 104 West Main St.,

A special invitation is extended to all my friends, and the public in general, to call and see me. I have a clean stock of Pure, Fresh Drugs, and will sell at the Lowest Prices. I will make a

SPECIAL LOW CUT

on all my Paints, Oils and Glass, to

Close Out the Present Stock!!

DR. T. P. McCLUNEY, who is well and favorably known to the citizens of Sedalia and country, will have charge of the Prescription Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of accuracy and efficiency. He will be pleased to have his old friends and customers call and see him at 104 West Main.

CITY DRUG STORE.

J. R. MILES, Manager.

Visits the West.

Thompson is in town. This is J. F. Thompson, with a "p." This Thompson is cashier of the Seaboard National bank of New York.

If he has a bank as good in New York as the bank his namesake presides over in Sedalia, J. C. Thompson First National bank, in proportion to the size of the city, he has a hummer.

"Seaboard National bank;" how that sounds in a prairie city, forty miles from anything but a heavy dew that would float a steamboat.

Thompson, J. F., arrived in Sedalia unheralded and his praises unsung.

We'll sing 'em now.

If he'll listen he can catch the melody and sing it to his best girl when he returns to the seaboard.

When he arrived he inquired for Ira Hinsdale and a jack rabbit.

He called on his namesake of the First National and Will Powell of the Citizens National.

After that Thompson went to the edge of the city near the kite-shaped track looking for buffalo tracks and bear hair on the fence corners.

While there he met Col. Henry D. Hill gathering flowers and sentiment.

The colonel invited him to the grave yard as a species of western amusement.

He declined and the colonel wept aloud.

This was the sentiment they don't have east of Elmira, New York.

When Thompson returns to New York he can go to the freak show in the Bowery and secure a place for "The Granny" for he's a darling.

J. F. Thompson, call again and we promise you the freedom of the electric line, and an invitation to tea with the Sedalia planing mill company.

You will always be welcomed by THE BAZOO, if you come again before the crack of doom.

An Important Resolution.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sedalia school board was held Friday afternoon. After a lot of routine business had been transacted, the following important and timely resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That no pupil who has been suffering from any contagious disease, and no pupil belonging to any family where there has been any such disease, shall be permitted to return to school until three full weeks have elapsed since the last case in any such family has recovered, and which recovery for said length of time shall be evidenced by the certificate of the city board of health.



AFTER SEEING THE POPULIST LEGISLATURE.

The republicans are more numerous and remind one of a fellow who was in a game of draw and tried to get the pot with a bob-tailed flush.

The populists look like Martin Irons, and resemble a mule's father in many ways, especially in disposition.

They all stop at the Dutton tavern, which is situated close to the jail, and it is feared that they will break in there sometime when the man who carries the key is at home to receive them.

The speaker of the populists house is bald headed and has a pair of lungs like an emigrant's valise and all his followers think he is cuter than a book agent and for religion, he would make a good stealer for the Salvation Army. Speaker Dunsmore has gall, but he can't sing Anna Rooney and he laundries his nose with his coat sleeve.

Dunsmore is a good fellow, but the gang that confronts him—that looks up at him—well, lock your smoke-house when you see 'em coming.

The members of that populist house have clothes from which smells of brimstone and lack of soap and sapolia arise. They seem to be crosses between a cowboy and a cayote and would make good freaks in a dime museum, only they would flirt with the snake charmer and deceive her. Fact.

Man by nature is a responsible being. Each act of his requires con-

be entitled to work on the road or set on a jury unless he is handy with the ten commandments.

January 25—I attended the senatorial election to-day. It was a sort of a Chinese walkaround, after each side of the house had prayers by two chaplains.

This is the best prayed for legislature I ever attended. The chaplains pray for the members and the members pray on the people at home.

The election was not tunny or instructive, but was accidentally facetious.

A young man who was elected as a republican from one of the southern counties, was unseated and not allowed to vote. He ate pie with a fork at the Troop House, and that was enough. The other fellow who smooths his locks with a curry comb, will warm that seat. He takes his meals at the Dutton House, eats with his knife and sleeps in a covered wagon in the suburbs of town.

Martin was elected senator.

To be elected by such a motley gang, I should fear I had done something wrong.

I aspire to only one place, and that is postmaster of Sedalia.

I never expect to be a senator or a member of the populist house of representative of Kansas.

Of the three, give me death.

Thine for the people now on earth, SIMEON DINWIDDIE DEACON.